

Let every

Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth receive her King. Let earth receive her King. Let every heart, prepare him

Let every

heart, prepare him room. Let every heart, prepare him room;

And heaven, and nature sing

room;

Let every heart, prepare him room.

And heaven, and nature sing,

And heaven, and nature sing,

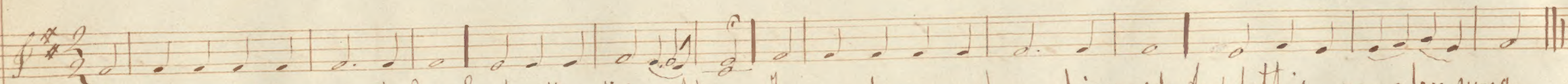
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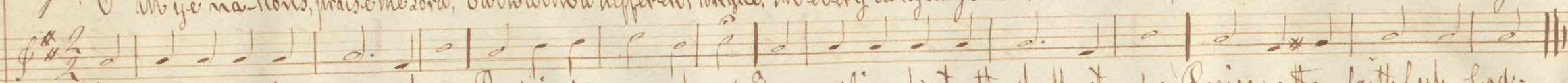
Maestoso.

Tallis's Chant. C. M.

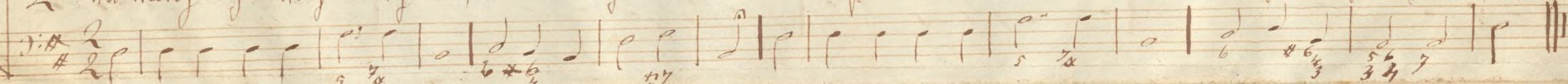
Tallis.



1 O all ye nations, praise the Lord, Each with a different tongue; In every language learn his word, And let his name be sung.

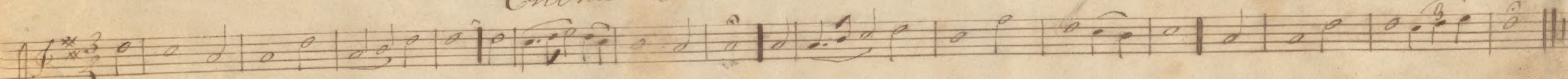


2 His mercy reigns through every land; Proclaim his grace abroad: Forever firm his truth shall stand; Praise ye the faithful God.

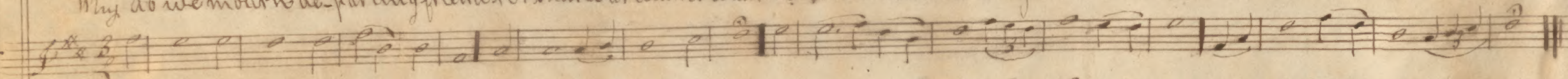


China C. M.

Swan.

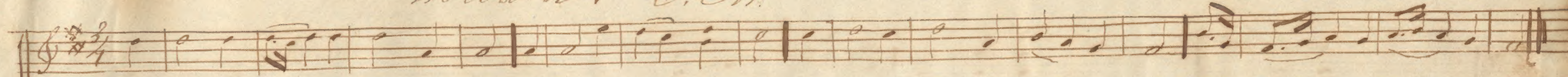


Why do we mourn departing friends, Or shake at death's alarm? 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends, To call them to his arms.

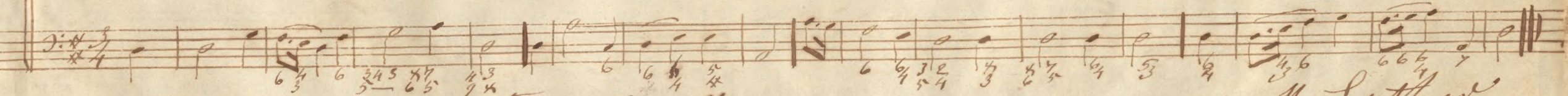


Howards. C. M.

M^{rs} Cuttbert.

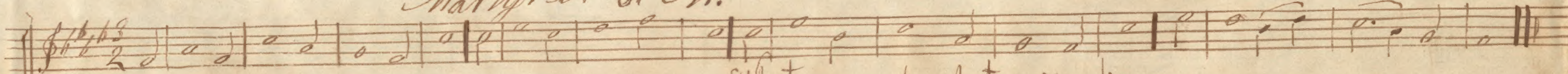


Lord, hear the voice of my complaint. Accept my secret prayer. To thee alone, my God, my King, Will I ~~my~~ for help repair.

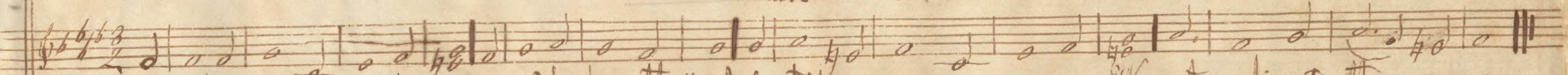


Martyrs. C. M.

M. Luther.

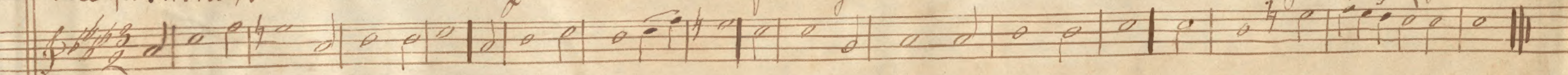


Whatever we do, whatever we be,



The year rolls round and steals away, The breath that first it gave:

We're travelling to the grave.



St. Ann's. C. M.

Dr. Croft.

1. My God, my portion and my love, My ever-lasting all. I've none but thee in heaven above, Nor on this earthly ball.

2. In vain the bright, the burning sun, Scatters his feeble light: 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon; If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

3. In vain the bright, the burning sun, Scatters his feeble light: 'Tis thy sweet beams create my noon; If thou withdraw, 'tis night.

Messiah. C. M.

Handel

I know that my Redeemer lives, And ever prays for me; Sal-va-tion to his saints he gives, And life and lib-er-ty.

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